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01x12 - Move It or Lose It

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01x12 - Move It or Lose It

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **03/16/01 03:51**

[Brian's place. Brian's on a treadmill, staring straight at the blown-up pictures on the wall from the party. You remember - - Mike at different ages, looking all cute and happy, Mike and Brian, Brian and Mike. Brian finally turns off the treadmill and picks up the phone. He dials a number and the screen splits in two to show Mike in his apartment, picking up.]

Michael: Hello?

[Brian hangs up without answering, and Mike puts the phone back in its cradle. His apartment zooms over to fit the whole screen. Emmett, leaning in the kitchen doorway.]

Emmett: Who was that?

Michael: Brian.

Emmett: What did he have to say?

Michael: He didn't say anything. He hangs up.

Emmett: So how do you know it was him?

Michael: He's breathing. He got this funny little we-we's from his deviated septum.

Emmett: That's not the only thing about him that's deviated.

Michael: I wonder what he want it.

Emmett: Let's see. To come over here and beg for eternal forgiveness?

Michael: Brian doesn't do apologies.

Emmett: Well, he should after what he did.

Michael: It's too late. He pushed too hard, and now the game is over.

Emmett: I know. And I'm sorry.

Michael: Dosen't matter. I'm to busy bein' happy! I only haven't time to think about it.

Emmett: Who would have ever believed it -- you, a married lady!

Michael: I prefer the term 'domestic partner.' Who cares what it's called, as long as I have David.

Emmett: And I have the apartment!

Michael: Now your bringing all the tricks you want and you don't have to worry to disturbing me. 'Try not to scream so loud when your come. We're wake up Michael!'

Emmett: Well, we'll see about that.

Michael: Well, I guess that's it. [to Captain Astro] Oh, almost forgot.

Emmett: Let me help you.

Michael: I guess now that's really it.

[Emmett kisses him on the cheek.]

Emmett: Good luck, sweety. And remember, you have always a place to come back to.

Michael: That's very nice of you, Emmett. Especially since I'm still paying half the rent.

[Mike starts to hit Emmett in the butt with Captain Astro's hand.]

Michael: Captain Astro using his magical fisting power.

Emmett: Quit it. It's too early for fisting.

Michael: No, it's never too early for fisting.

[Ryder Ad Agency. Brian walks into his office, followed by his assistant.]

Cynthia: The gym called you and the tailor called again and Ryder wants you...

Brian: f*ck the gym, f*ck the tailor, and f*ck Ryder! And get you please some aspirin or something, because I have a b*tch of a headache.

[Assistant is apparently used to this behavior, and puts the messages down on his desk within scowling range.]

Cynthia: OK, it's been a week since the usual phone calls from Michael every five minutes. Is he away or something?

Brian: Yeah, you could say that.

[Assistant leaves without delving any further. Cut to Ted walking down some random street in Pittsburgh. His cell phone rings. It's Brian.]

Ted: Ted Schmidt.

Brian: Brian.

Ted: Brian, who?

[The screen splits so we can see them both, Ted on the street, and Brian in his office.]

Brian: Brian who do you think? That's who!

Ted: Oh, I don't recognize your voice. I don't think you ever called me.

Brian: Well, today is your lucky day.

Ted: I'm not talking on you, remember?

Brian: Yeah, right. So, what are you doin' tonight?

Ted: I don't thoughed about it.

Brian: Well, think about it and decide if you wanna hang out.

Ted: With you?

Brian: You sound surprised.

Ted: No, surprise would it be if I won the lottery or an asteroid hit the earth or if Richard Simmons was straight.

Brian: So, you're not busy?

Ted: Do you have to ask?

Brian: Woody's, after work.

[He hangs up before Teddy can say another word.]

[At the gym, Ted tells Emmett about his "date" with Brian.]

Ted: He wants me to meet them in Woodys to hang out.

Emmett: Well, he must be really desperate. I didn't mean it like that.

Ted: Now that he and Michael are no longer friends. . .My guess is he needs someone new to take for granted, so naturally, he thought of me.

Emmett: You don't actually considering goin', are you?

Ted: Maybe I can resolve the great Michael conflict, and, uh, score with one of Brian's rejects.

Emmett: God, I hate my abs!

[In front of him, a scruffy but cute guy smiles]

Guy: I love your abs.

[Emmett's shocked, and looks around to see if Guy is talking to someone else.]

Guy: I mean you.

Ted: [to Emmett] He means you.

Guy: You're Emmett, right?

Emmett: Right.

Guy: You work at Torso, right?

Emmett: Right.

Guy: Your dentist is Dr. Feldman, right?

Emmett: How do you know who my dentist is?

Guy: I was in his office last week. I had an appointment right after you. By the way I love the space between your teeth. I'm Beau.

Ted: [whispers to Emmett] That's French for 'beautiful.'

Emmett: I know.

Guy: I always thoughed you coming to the cue.

Emmett: You have?

Guy: And I was wondering, maybe you like to go out sometimes?

Ted: As if you need to ask!

Emmett: I'd loved to.

Ted: As if he'd say no!

Emmett: Only I can't.

[Both Beau and Ted's faces fall.]

Emmett: I can't. But thanks for asking.

Guy: Maybe some other time?

[The guy wonders off.]

Ted: Are you out of your mind? Guys like us do not turn down guys like him! You have acted like flagrant violation of the entire g*y social structure. They're going to vote you out of the brotherhood.

Emmett: Let them. I made a promised to God. Remember? That if I tested negative...

Ted: ...you're not have sex with another man. I know. But you're fine!

Emmett: It doesn't matter. I never want to go through the hell I went through again. And I won't,

because someone kept his part of the bargain. Now it's my turn to keep mine.

[The Happy Fun House. Melanie's back from work, and Lindsay meets her at the door. The baby's making cranky noises upstairs.]

Lindsay: Hey, you're finally come. Sssh, I just put Gus to bed.

Mel: It's too late to see him, mmh?

Lindsay: Oh, you can see him in the morning.

Mel: He is asleep when I leave.

Lindsay: Oh, maybe you can leave later, or even take the afternoon off.

Mel: The point of my working longer days is so you can stay home.

Lindsay: I appreciate how hard you work.

Mel: Be nice if you showed it.

Lindsay: I though I did. And I'm working too, taking care of our son?

Mel: Your son and Brian's. I just pay the bills.

Lindsay: Oh, we really gonna go through this again?

Mel: Nah, let's pretend everything's fine.

Lindsay: I didn't say everything's fine. I don't feel to constently talk about it.

Mel: Well, I'm Jewish. And after neo-nazis, there's nothing the Jews fear more than silence.

Lindsay: We're not like that. I don't have to need the constantly express everything's what I'm feelin'.

Mel: I wish you tried because after that fiasco at Brian's, you've turned off to me physically, emotionally. . .

Lindsay: As you would contastrofising turning every little slight into a rejection.

Mel: You're never wanna make love. You barely wanna have discussion.

Lindsay: Has it ever occured you that I might be tired?

Mel. Well, I'm tired, too! I'm tired of trying to get through to you. I figure out what the hell I did wrong. Of wondering why, instead of feeling closer than we've ever been, I've never felt more alone.

[Lindsay picks up the laundry basket and walks out of the room.]

Mel: Aren't you go to say anything?

Lindsay: What would you like for dinner? I can heat up some pot roast.

[A pair of red high heels in black stockings walk across the top of the bar, attached to a deep voice hawking Crantini shooters. As the legs pass Brian and Ted, Brian frowns quizzically and peers up and under, trying to determine if it's a girl or a boy. Brian finishing a beautiful sculpture he's making out of cherries, pineapples, plastic toothpicks, and paper umbrellas.]

Brian: So, how was work?

[All of sudden, it's not Ted in front of him, but Mike.]

Michael: Fat Marly had this really incredible hickey, and there was a sale on protein powder, so every queen in the city was there, except for you, of course.

[Brian sticks his tongue out at Mike. The camera cuts back to Ted.]

Ted: Boring. Work was boring. How about you?

Michael: Don't tell me, you took this client to this really fancy restaurant, and there was this really hot waiter, and he signaled for you to meet him in the linen closet, and he gave you this really amazing blowjob. And then you went back to the table, and the client never knew!

Brian: How'd you guess?

[Back to Ted.]

Ted: I asked you about work.

Brian: I took a cliebt to lunch and that waiter blew me in the linen closet.

Ted: Really?

[Back to Fantasy Mikey.]

Michael: Liar! You're such a liar!

Ted: So have you talked to him?

Brian: Who?

Ted: Michael.

Brian: What for?

Ted: Oh, for no other reason than that he's your best friend.

Brian: Was my best friend.

Ted: Wanna just call him?

Brian: I told you, he's out of my life. And I'm out of his. So would you please shut the f*ck up about it?

[A shirtless blond gorgious man standing behind Ted.]

Man: Hey, how is it goin'?

Brian: I'm not interested.

Ted: [to the guy] However, I am available for safe sex and estate planning.

[Brian shoots him a sideways glance. The guy pauses for a sec, and then thoughtfully replies.

Guy: Actually, I do have some investment questions.

Ted: Well, I'll tell you what. You help me diversify my portfolio, I'll help diversify yours.

[Brian rolls his eyes.]

[David's. David and Mike have just finished getting all of Mike's stuff in the living room.]

Michael: That's the last one.

David: Are you sure?

Michael: Oh, yeah, for the most part. I mean, I'm gonna back and get the rest tomorrow.

David: The last?! Yew, you had a lot of stuff.

Michael: Yeah, you know when I'm find something that I like I hold on to it. I mean, for keeps.

[Dave puts his hands together, closes his eyes, and prays out loud.]

David: I hope that applies to me, I hope that applies to me, I hope that applies to me.

Michael: Especially to you. So, which should I put it?

David: Whatever you want, baby.

Michael: I meant my stuff.

David: You decide. It's our place, now.

[Mike starts looking around for a place to put his classic lunchbox.]

David: Why wait until morning? I have plans for us tonight.

[They start kissing, because they're going to have SEX.]

[The Alley behind Woody's. Brian emerges from the building, and finds a few men standing around chatting, hanging out, and waiting for the next big thing to come along. Shortly after Brian lights a cigarette, Ted and the talking guy follow.]

Ted: Are you sure you get the way home?

Brian: Yeah, I know the way.

[Brian looks the other way down the alley, and catches The Look from some guy leaning on wall. Wall Guy nods back further down the alley.]

[Cut to Dave and Mike in bed. To no one's surprise, Mike's a bottom. For some reason, the camera pulls back from the bed and focuses on two Captain Astro glasses on the dresser.]

[Cut back to Brian and Wall Guy, who have finished their introductions, and creep down another alley off the main alley.]

[Cut back to Mike and David having great sex.]

[Cut back to Brian and Wall Guy, who's kissing his way down Brian's chest to his crotch. He undoes Brian's pants, and the camera pans to other couples -- oh, wait, there's a threesome -- in the alley with them. The camera pans back to Brian and Wall Guy.]

[Cut back to Mike and Dave coming. Cut back to Brian, coming. Cut back to Mike and Dave cuddling.]

Michael: I was so lucky.

David: Why's that?

Michael: Normally about this time, I'd be coming out of Woody's, waiting in the jeep for Brian to finish getting a blow job so I can drive him home.

David: And, instead?

Michael: Instead I'm here with you.

David: I love you, Michael.

[Back at Woody's, Brian walks up to his jeep, automatically calling Mike's name. But Michael's not there, so Brian has to be pathetic all by himself.]

[The next morning, David walks into the living room and finds Michael wide-awake, chipper, and hanging up classic comic book drawings.]

Michael: Hey, sleepy head.

David: What are you doin' up so early?

Michael: I can't wait to unpack my stuff. So, what do you think?

[David looks around at the figurines on the mantle, and at the mannequin wearing an old superhero costume, and is not thrilled.]

David: It...it's uh... great.

[David walks over to the big mural of Captain Astro over the fireplace.]

David: I especially like the... the uh... the putting... what's his name?

Michael: Captain Astro. Yeah, I wasn't sure how you feel about that.

David: That's a real whimsical touch.

Michael: I don't know where I'm go to put my toy robots.

David: I'm sure you'll find the perfect place. No, c'mon, let's go back to bed.

Michael: Bed? Some of us have to work.

David: It's saturday.

Michael: The Big Q never closes.

David: I was kind hope we could go back and watch the game.

Michael: Well, I'll never been into watching the game or Saturdays.

David: You have something against Satudays?

Michael: Well, that was the day that all the kids did stuff with their dads, and I didn't have one, so I kind of dreaded Saturdays.

David: Well, I can promise you only happy Saturdays from now on.

[Cleaning Day at The Happy Fun House, which shall now be known as the Happiest Funnest House, as Lindsay shines the dining room table. Melanie, vacuuming in the living room.]

Lindsay: Another therapist?

Mel: Well, with that attitude we'll certainly get a lot accomplished.

Lindsay: But you're the one who's got a problem.

Mel: And you don't?

Lindsay: Only the one that you're creating.

Mel: Oh Christ! Am I living in this house alone?

Lindsay: Maybe you'd be happier if you were.

[The doorbell rings, and Melanie turns off the vacuum and answers it. It's Brian.]

Brian: Meet my latest trick.

[The camera zooms down to his crotch, where he's holding a teddy bear dressed up in a leather biker outfit.]

Mel: I didn't know you were into bears. I thought you preferred the young, hairless, not-admitted-without-a-parent-or-guardian type.

Brian: Where's my son?

Mel: Our son is taking a nap.

Brian: Oh, I though I drop by for dinner.

Mel: It's 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

[Brian flops on the couch.]

Brian: Then I'll just hang out.

Lindsay: Since when do you hang out with the likes of us?

Mel: Since Michael's no longer in the picture.

Brian: It's just as well. Mikey and I have been holding onto each other for too long. I mean, when you think about it, what do we even have in common?

Mel: Your lives?

Brian: Aside from that. Anyway he worked out for the best. Thanks to my divine invention he's with the good doctor now where he belongs.

Lindsay: Look, I guess it's not too late.

Brian: For what?

Lindsay: To fix things.

Brian: Some things better left broken. So, what do you say we play a little game of scrabble?

[The Back of the Big Q Mart. A bunch of Q Martyrs are on break, and Marly reads an email she printed out.]

Marly: I got these from the internet. Wait until you hear it. 'Ten ways to know if your husband's g*y'.

[Mike walks up just as she's getting started, and exchanges a look with Tracy, who's the only other one not laughing.]

Marly: "After wedding he kisses the best man instead of you". Number two, "For your birthday he brings you flowers and arranges them." Number three... [to Tracy] What's the matter? You're not laughing.

Tracy: I think it's not funny, that's all.

Marly: Well, I think it's a scream, don't you Mike?

Michael: Uh, I wasn't really listening.

[Mike's also having trouble meeting Tracy's eyes.]

Tracy: [to Marly] You're entitled to think whatever you want, but so am I. And what I think is that

people who laugh and jokes that make fun about other people, whoever they are, are ignorant and cruel.

Marly: What's your problem?

[Mike rushes inside. Tracy runs after him.]

Tracy: Mr.Novotny?

Michael: Yes, Tracy.

Tracy: I wanna give you something.

Michael: What?

Tracy: Two weeks notice. I got a job in the Big Dollar Mart. I should really get back, my break's are over.

[Woody's. Brian's trying to play pool, but he keeps getting interrupted by guys trying to pick him up. Ted, all happy and newly laid, approaches Brian with a big smile on his face.]

Ted: Brian, hey. How's goin'?

Brian: What do you want?

Ted: To tell you what a great time we had last night.

Brian: I was bored out of my f*cking mind!

Ted: Yeah, well, that's the sign of true friendship, that it can accommodate vastly divergent points of view.

[Another trick checks out Brian.]

Brian: I'm not interested.

Ted: You know just curiousity - how many guys hit on you a night?

Brian: Give or take, a hundred and twelve.

Ted: Amazing. And I only need one.

[Another man checks out Brian.]

Brian: I'm not interested.

Ted: Excuse me. Tax season's coming up and uh, you don't want to get caught with your pants down.

[In another corner of the bar, Emmett sits at a table, drinking alone. A young man in a yellow windbreaker slides up next to him.]

Matt: I'm Matt.

Emmett: Of course you are. You're always Matt. Or Scott. Or Todd. Or some other wonderful one-syllable name.

Matt: I offer to buy you a drink but something tells me you don't need another.

Emmett: Something tells me... you might be right. Now if you excuse me. I'm gonna go home. It's always nicer to vomit in your own toilet.

[Then he almost falls off his stool. Shiny Matt offers to help him, and Emmett accepts gratefully. Outside, in the daylight.]

Matt: Maybe you need re-evaluating your life. Wondering if there's something better.

Emmett: Yeah. Yeah, that's it exactly. How did you know?

Matt: Because I've seen the light. And seen how miserable you looked at the bar, I thought maybe you needed to see it, too.

[He hands Emmett a pamphlet.]

Emmett: What's this?

Matt: The group I belong to.

Emmett: I don't do very well in groups. I got thrown out of cub scouts first week. I made a fabulous necklace out of slip knots.

Matt: Everyone's welcome in our groups. And it's all people like us.

Emmett: Like us?

Matt: People who questioning. Evaluating. Why are you come to our meetings? All you've got to lose is your pain.

[At the Liberty Diner that evening, Justin buses many tables, then sits down at a booth with Daphne, who's doing her homework. She notes that he gets tipped very well, and Justin, wearing a t-shirt that says, "Too busy to fcuk"]

Daphne: You made a lot of tips.

Justin: That's because I'm cute.

Daphne: And conceited.

Justin: I could f*ck practically anyone I wanted.

Daphne: So why don't you?

[Brian walks in on cue. Daphne rolls her eyes.]

Daphne: Never mind. The answer just walked in the door.

[Brian st*lks up to Justin.]

Brian: Hey, how's goin'?

Justin: Why you actically want to know?

Brian: Well, I ask, didn't I?

Justin: Everything's fine.

Brian: Good. What are you doin' tonight?

Justin: Huh?

Brian: Is these a particuarly hard questions? Do you wanna come over after work?

Justin: Really? Sure.

Brian: I want a turky sandwhich and ole gray, to go.

[Brian sits down at the bar.]

Justin: Do you realise that was the first time he ever ask me to come over?

Daphne: So, what do you think it means?

[Mike walks in on cue. Justin deflates some.]

Justin: It means he misses Michael.

[Michael and Brian see each other, and then pretend they didn't.]

Daphne: Are those guys really never talked to each other again?

Justin: It looks that way.

Daphne: Why you talked to him?

Justin: Me?

Daphne: I thought you loved Brian, and you're staying in Michael's bedroom, which makes you, like, the missing link. Go on!

[Justin gets up and walks to the bar.]

Michael: Hey boy wonder. A couple of lemon squares to go.

Justin: Sure.

[Mike and Brian ignore each other some more. While making up their orders, Justin asks Brian.]

Justin: Don't you wanna talked to him?

Brian: What for?

Justin: He's right there.

Brian: Stay the f*ck out of it!

[Justin goes to Michael and give him the box.]

Justin: You guys should talk.

Michael: You're mind your own business.

Justin: But he's your best friend.

Brian: Hey, where is my order?

[Justin then runs over and hands Brian his box of food. Mike opens up his box and discovers a sandwich. Brian opens up his and discovers lemon squares.]

Michael: This is a turkey sandwich!

Brian: These are lemon squares.
[Dave's. Mike opens the door.]

Michael: Honey, I'm home! I've always wanted to say that.

[David greets him in the living room with a kiss.]

David: And honey, you really are home.

Michael: I picked these up for dessert. How was the... game?

[The living room is now noticeably devoid of everything Mike put up earlier.]

David: Pittsburgh lost in overtime.

Michael: Place looks different.

David: Yeah. I put a few things away.

Michael: Yeah. Like, all my stuff.

David: Oh it was a little bit cluttered. How was your day?

Michael: My day? My day was compelling. We had a new handycap ramp and fat Marly reveal us with their f*g jokes.

David: What did you do?

Michael: I told her I was an out and proud h*m*, and if she didn't like it, she could suck my d*ck. [David

laughs] I didn't do anything. Tracy did. She stood right up to her.

David: Good, so she's still your friend.

Michael: I didn't say that.

David: Hey think what Brian did. It made you realize that you belong here with me. Take out your jacket. We're ready for dinner.

[Mike opens the hall closet door and finds the Astro Mural behind the coats.]

[Brian's. Brian's naked in a chair while Justin, straddling him, feeds him ice cream. Justin drips some ice cream on Brian's chest and licks it off, and the two start making out.]

Justin: One spoon left. You want it?

Brian: No, it mean ten more minutes on the stair master.

Justin: C'mon, I wanna see it if you lick of the spoon. You should eat more, though. My mom says that you're too skinny.

Brian: Your mom?

Justin: She doesn't completely hate you, you know? I told her that you were always skinny, though, even in high school.

Brian: You don't know how I look at high school.

Justin: I live in Michael's old room, remember? With all those old yearbook. Pictures of you. You're a geek.

Brian: I was never a geek.

Justin: Then explain me the chemistry club?

Brian: That's where I learned to build the b*mb to blow up the school. But Mikey talked me out of it.

Justin: Good thing he was around. I bet you wish he was here right now.

Brian: Would you shut the f*ck up about him?

[Justin gets up to get dressed.]

Justin: I bet you're secretly wishing that the phone would ring, and it would be him.

Brian: I said shut the f*ck up! His life was just going to hang there like some shirt in a closet that you never wear.

Justin: So, you pushed him away.

Brian: It was the only curse of action.

Justin: Yeah, but now he hates you.

Brian: It's okay. As long as Mikey's happy.

Justin: God. You must really love him.

Brian: I think it's time for you to go.

Justin: It always is. Luckily, you can't push me away. I'm on to you.

[At the community center or church or whatever, Emmett stands on a balcony, watching the hustle and bustle of the "See the Light" group below.]

Matt: Emmett, you came! It's good to see you.

[On the main floor, a man who looks like Pat's blonder, uh, sibling, starts the meeting by saying, in the thickest lisp known to mankind.]

Ty: Hi, my name is Ty, and I've Seen the Light.

Group: Hi, Ty.

Ty: Our first speaker tonight is Ginger and she was formaly in the dark, but now, she's seen the light.

[A butch woman in a loose tie-dye top and pants stands up and says in a deep voice]

Ginger: Believe it or not, I used to be a l*sbian --

Emmett: [whispers to Matt] Used to be?

Ginger: But thanks to Ty and every beautiful person here, I shed my former corrupt self, and become the new purified heterosexual me.

[The group claps Ty throws an arm around her shoulder]

Ty: As you can see, the only thing that comes out here is the truth.

Emmett: [whispers to Matt] You didn't tell me this was a comedy club.

Ty: I can tell you, and Ginger can tell you, that what you're hoping and praying for is not an impossible dream. It can come true for you the same way it came true for us! You can change, you can change, you can change!

Emmett: [loud enough that all can hear it] I'd start with those shoes.

[Ty and Ginger automatically look down at their feet.]

Ty: You.

Emmett: Uh, me?

Ty: You've got your doubts, don't ya? Well, let me ask you a few questions. Do you and your friends

obsess about your bodies and the bodies of other men?

[Emmett flashes back to Ted and Mike watching this Muscled Wonder work out at the gym.]

Ted: Check out his pecs!

Michael: They're, like, perfect.

Brian: They're, like, implants.

[Cut back to Ty.]

Ty: Do your conversations center around trivialities, such as movie stars?

[Flash back to Mike, Ted, and Brian]

Michael: Did you hear that Cher had her p*ssy tightened?

Ted: Where did you read that, The Enquirer, or Popular Mechanics?

[Cut back to Ty]

Ty: Are your days and nights spent in gyms and bars, going home with men whose names you don't even know?

[Cut back to Mike, Ted, and Brian at the bar]

Ted: And he's coming, and he keeps yelling, 'Fred, oh, Fred!'

Michael: Fred? Who's Fred?

[Cut back to Emmett, who's looking a little uncomfortable. Ty continues, looking straight at him.]

Ty: So, maybe you should ask yourself, 'Is this the life I want for me? Is the life God wants for me?' Is there a better life?

[David's. He and Mike are getting ready for bed.]

David: You're looking for something?

Michael: Yeah, my beach ball alarm clock.

David: This clock is from the Museum of Modern Art Design Collection.

Michael: I thought you said that this was my place, too.

David: It is.

Michael: Then how come I don't see any of my things?

David: Michael, uh, you know, your things? The toys they're cute. They're cute, like you. But you know, they, they sort of don't belong. Let me explain by saying this is an architectural house. Everything has

its place, so if you clutter it up, it ruins the aesthetic.

Michael: Oh, so I'm cluttering it up.

David: No. I didn't mean it that way.

Michael: Their not just toys. Some of those toys are collector's items! Like my Japanese robots? Or my Bakelite Batmobile? Those were made during World w*r II, when metal was scarce! And, even if they were worthless, they would still be worth something to me, because I love them. I kind of thought you knew that.

[The Happiest Funnest House in the Whole World. Melanie opens the door for Ted, who's out of breath.]

Ted: I... I just got... you phone... call...I ran over here... so what is the emergency.

[Melanie points back to the living room, where Brian's playing with the baby as Lindsay watches.]

Mel: Him! He's here every day, showing up for meals, and all of a sudden we're one big happy f*cking family!

[Cut to Brian, who's playing with Gus and the Leather Bear]

Brian: I don't know, I sense some tension between you and Mel.

Lindsay: Well, she blames me for everything. Including you. You should have kept your promise to give her Gus.

Brian: If she wants a kid, she can have one of her own.

Lindsay: No, she can't. Gus was supposed to be hers and mine. Not yours and mine.

[At the door]

Ted: But Lindsay's always complaining that he never spend enough time with Gus.

Mel: You're a big help. Can you do something?

Ted: Like what?

Mel: Bring him and Michael together, so that he leave us alone!

Ted: Are you kidding? You even mention Michael's name, and he'll tear your head off.

Mel: Yeah, well that's what I'm about to do to him.

[Back in the living room.]

Lindsay: She also thinks that I've turned into this cold, unresponsive b*tch.

Brian: Have you?

Lindsay: [smiles tightly] Maybe a little.

Brian: Well, then maybe you should find yourself some nice fuzzy l*zzie with a therapist's license, and work it out.

Lindsay: That's what Mel wants.

Brian: What do you want?

Lindsay: I want... I... I want a bagel. After that? I don't know. All I know is that if I talk, I might say something I regret.

Brian: Maybe good for you. Let out some of those nasty demons.

Lindsay: But I'm not like that. Oh, but I'm a WASP, from a family of WASPs.

[Back at the door.]

Ted: I tell you what. I'll take him to the tea dancer in Woodys.

Mel: Great idea. Thanks Teddy.

Ted: I don't really do it for you, you know? Hanging with Brian? Best thing that's ever happened to my sex life.

[At the Big Q, Tracy walks out of the store for the last time. She passes Marly]

Tracy: See ya, Marly.

Marly: Bye, Tracy.

[Then she passes Mike]

Tracy: Goodbye, Mr. Novotny.

[Tracy's already outside when Mike catches up with her.]

Michael: Tracy!

Tracy: Yes, Mr. Novotny?

Michael: Would you stop calling me this, please?

Tracy: What should I say to you?

Michael: Well, I'm sure you could think of a few things.

Tracy: I have to go.

Michael: You don't have to leave your job.

Tracy: Is there something wrong with the Big Dollar Mart?

Michael: Well, it's not exactly the Big Q.

Tracy: No, but at least people seem honest there. You probably think this is about you being g*y, don't you? Well, I admit, it might have been at first, but that's not the point anymore. Whether you're g*y or you're straight, I thought we were friends.

Michael: We are...

Tracy: Well, friends trust each other. What did you think would happen if you told me, that I'd tell everyone at the store? I wouldn't have, Mikey. Don't you know that?

Michael: I should have...But when you spend your entire life keeping it a secret... you learn to stop trusting people, and it becomes second nature. It kills me that I hurt you, Tracy, I'd do anything to take that back. I know I don't deserved to ask this, but do you think we can still friends?

Tracy: Do you think we could be friends?

Michael: Well, we could have a cup of Q coffee and find out.

Tracy: I'd like that, but I really have to go. I have a date.

Michael: Is he straight?

[They laugh.]

[The Happiest Funnest House Ever Built. Melanie lies on the couch, playing with Gus. Lindsay's moved to a lounge chair, and she's drawing a sketch of the two of them.]

Mel: Well at least now we have the house to ourself, alone. By the way, Janet and that dickhead husband of hers? They finally sent us a card congratulating us on Gus's birth. Only took three months.

Lindsay: You expect too much, Mel.

Mel: What?

Lindsay: I said, you expect too much.

Mel: That my sister would at least acknowledge the birth of our son?

Lindsay: Of me. You want all my time, all my devotion, and if you don't get it, you think we have a problem. You get angry that I see the baby more than you do. You blame me because Brian wouldn't give you parental rights. I suppose it's even my fault that I can have a child and you can't!

Mel: Hey, that's not fair.

Lindsay: I feel like I spend half of my life apologizing to you, trying to convince you that I love you. Only nothing's ever enough! I'm starting to wonder if anything ever could be.

[Lindsay walks out of the room, and Melanie sighs, holding the baby closer.]

Mel: Well, I asked you to talk and you did.

[And then she breaks down and starts to cry.]

[Back at the gym, Emmett glumly surveys all the mostly naked men in the locker room. It's shot like a time-lapse film, so everyone else is moving really fast, and he's not moving at all. So, Ted walks into the gym with his shirt unbuttoned.]

Ted: I tell ya, hanging out with Brian is exhausting but it's worth it for the sex.

Emmett: You're having sex with Brian?

Ted: Of course not. We have symbiosis.

Emmett: Oh, my god! Is there anything they can do? You mustn't give up hope.

Ted: It's not a disease. It's a perfect relationship -- like the yellow tickbird and the Rhinoceros. The yellow tickbird feeds on the rhinoceros's skin, and in turn the yellow tickbird warns the rhino of impending danger when the tickbird flies away. Similarly, I supply Brian with an object of ridicule, namely myself, and he supplies me with unwanted ticks, uh, tricks.

Emmett: You're doing this for castoffs?

Ted: In bed, you can't tell. They're as good as new.

Emmett: Ted, have you ever asked yourself if going to tea-dances with Brian and having indiscriminate sex with total strangers is really the life I want?

Ted: I have. And the answer is, you bet your a*s it is.

Emmett: Have you ever wondered yourself, 'Is this the life God wants for me?'

Ted: No. I suppose in his infinite wisdom, he decided that someone had to live in Pittsburgh.

Emmett: Have you ever wondered 'Is there a better life?'

Ted: Yeah, I could have a ten-inch d*ck and look like him.

[Comic book shop. Justin walks in, and there's Mike, reading something he found in the bins.]

Justin: Hi.

Michael: What do you doin' here?

Justin: Looking for you.

Michael: How did you find me?

Justin: First I ask your mom, then I called David...

Michael: Is there anyone you didn't ask?

Justin: ...then I ask Brian.

Michael: What did you do that for? Look, just butt out. I told you before this is none of your business.

Justin: Yeah, he said that whenever you feel sad or upset, this is where you come. That just being around all these comics brings the light into your eyes.

Michael: He said that?

Justin: Yeah, I guess he knows you pretty well.

Michael: Well, he doesn't know me anymore.

Justin: Yeah. That's why he got you this.

[And he pulls out the comic Brian got him for his birthday.]

Michael: I told him already I don't want his crummy present.

Justin: Wait! He misses you. He's miserable without you.

Michael: Good, he deserves to be.

Justin: He loves you. He'll never admit it, but he does.

Michael: Brian doesn't love anyone. He doesn't believe in love, remember?

Justin: You're the exception. That's why he hurt you, so you'd go back with David. He knew if he didn't, you'd be waiting for him forever.

Michael: That's bullshit.

Justin: This was his way of saying goodbye.

[The Cult.]

Ty: We've got some new friends to meet tonight, whose dark world is about to be illuminated. And afterwards, I'd like for us all to gather into the foyer, and have some incredible brownies baked by my incredible wife. So, let's get start it.

Don: Hi, I'm Don.

Group: Hi Don.

Don: How I got here is a long story but it doesn't important, because I'm here. I've seen the light.

[Everyone claps. Emmett stands up.]

Emmett: Hi, I'm Emmett.

Groups: Hi Emmett.

Emmett: I just want to say that [camera zooms in] I want to see the light, too.

[As they clap for him, Emmett smiles wanly.]

[Babylon! Brian's sitting at the edge of one of the stages, watching the debauchery unfold around him. Most of the HDGBs are holding these big collapsing sphere toys as props. All of a sudden, Mike walks up to him, smiling. Brian gets up, and turning his back on Michael]

Brian: What are you doing here? You're married now.

Michael: I guess I still look.

Brian: Yeah, well, what's the good of looking if you can't touch? Want a beer?

Michael: How many did you have?

Brian: A few.

Michael: Too many.

Brian: Keep track of the doctor, not me.

Michael: I never thanked you for my gift...

Brian: Your gift?

Michael: Your ward tracked me down and insist it that I take it.

Brian: Yeah, well, I'll have to punish him severely.

Michael: It was the coolest thing I ever had.

Brian: I thoughed so.

Michael: You wanna dance? It's weird not talking to you.

Brian: I never thoughed about that.

Michael: I heard you were freaking out.

Brian: Yeah, who told you that?

Michael: Everybody - Ted, Lindsay,...

Brian: Well, they're all pathological liars, I wouldn't trust them.

Michael: You are so busted!

Brian: So how is the Happy Couple?

Michael: Are you really interested?

Brian: Not in the slightest.

Michael: It's gonna be fine. Except that he doesn't know that Superman dies in The Crisis on Infinite Earth or that Batgirl is now crippled and in a wheelchair after being r*ped by the Joker, or...

Brian: Or that for one special day in 1970, Astro Man became Astro Woman.

Michael: Exactly.

Brian: You are so pathetic.

[A pair of red high-heels kicks one of the collapsible spheres over to Michael, and Brian grabs it, and puts it over both of their heads.]

Brian: Give him time, he'll learn.

[David's. David's on the couch reading a comic book as Mike walks in. Mike stops at the door and looks around -- David's unpacked all of his toys and collectibles and made them fit into the living room, like they actually belong there.]

Michael: Hey.

David: Hey. I feel like I haven't you seen all weekend.

Michael: You haven't.

David: In fact, I think I saw you more when you didn't live here.

Michael: I noticed you have been doin' a little re-decoration.

David: Well, I thought the place needed a little warmth, a little charm, a little whimsy. A little you.

Michael: I would say we could put some stuff away.

David: You know, you're movin' in was a big change for me, too. I saw your stuff and I suddenly realized that I was 'we' again. That my life was now 'our' life. It kind of freaked me out.

Michael: Well, it's nice to know that I'm not the only one scared shitless.

David: You know I've been reading your comics.

Michael: Oh yeah?

David: I hope you don't mind. I never really had a chance to do that when I was a kid. My parent was pretty strict.

Michael: You probably had to read Tolstoy and stuff like that.

David: Actually, they're kind of fun. Did you know that for one special day in 1970, Captain Astro became Astro Woman?

[Mike grabs him and kisses him, and David throws him down on the couch hard enough to start one of Mike's mechanical monkeys clapping its cymbals.]

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